



Rosa Lee Jackson

In Retrospect 1955-1956

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF
THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF

Stern College For Women
Yeshiva University

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Vice-President
Rhoda Glyn
Secretary-Treasurer
Genia Prager

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We would like to thank the Administration, the Student Body, and especially our faculty advisers: Dr. Dan Vogel, Dr. Menachem Mendel Brayer, and Mrs. Elizabeth Isaacs for their splendid cooperation in helping us make this endeavor a success.

The Editors.



TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF STERN COLLEGE:

As Stern College completes its second year, I wish to congratulate all of you for the vital role you are playing in making the school a success. I want to express my appreciation for your faith in the aims and objectives of the college. As pioneers in a great venture, you are helping to translate into reality an academic enterprise which is opening new frontiers in the education of Jewish womanhood in America.

Stern College stands for a great ideal. It is a private college of arts and sciences which endeavors to create a congenial home atmosphere with a particularly Jewish environment. As a new college, it can incorporate the latest trends and developments taking place in leading colleges for women throughout the country. It thus is able to formulate a balanced curriculum with particular emphasis on the humanities.

Most important of all, ours is the only college under Jewish auspices where the sacred heritage of Judaism and contemporary culture are integrated into the American way of life, so as to supplement and complement each other. Here, Torah learning and Jewish history and philosophy walk hand in hand with knowledge of the arts and sciences. What we are accomplishing is obtaining a valued and honored position for the college in the community. I look upon each semester as an unlimited opportunity for achievement and take pride in what we have attained thus far.

With all best wishes for a very happy summer, I am,

Cordially yours,

SAMUEL BELKIN

President



TO THE STUDENTS OF STERN COLLEGE:

My congratulations on the publication of your magazine. Its issuance marks another proud chapter in the history of the college. Although, for the moment, the school's record is brief in retrospect, it is long in achievement.

As the first liberal arts college for women in the United States under Jewish auspices, the founding of Stern College constituted an experiment in the history of higher learning. Now, with completion of its second year, it has secured a firm place for itself in the community. The accomplishments of the student body have won it a deserved place of importance on the educational scene. This is understood by the fact that enrollment for the coming term will be augmented by representatives of more than fifteen different states and three foreign countries.

But, most significant of all is the role you are playing in the preservation of our heritage, in the advancement and strengthening of Judaism. As a pioneering group, you are setting a magnificent example, fortifying our Faith and opening new vistas for future students.

Again, my congratulations. Best wishes for a very happy summer.

Sincerely,
MAX STERN

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS



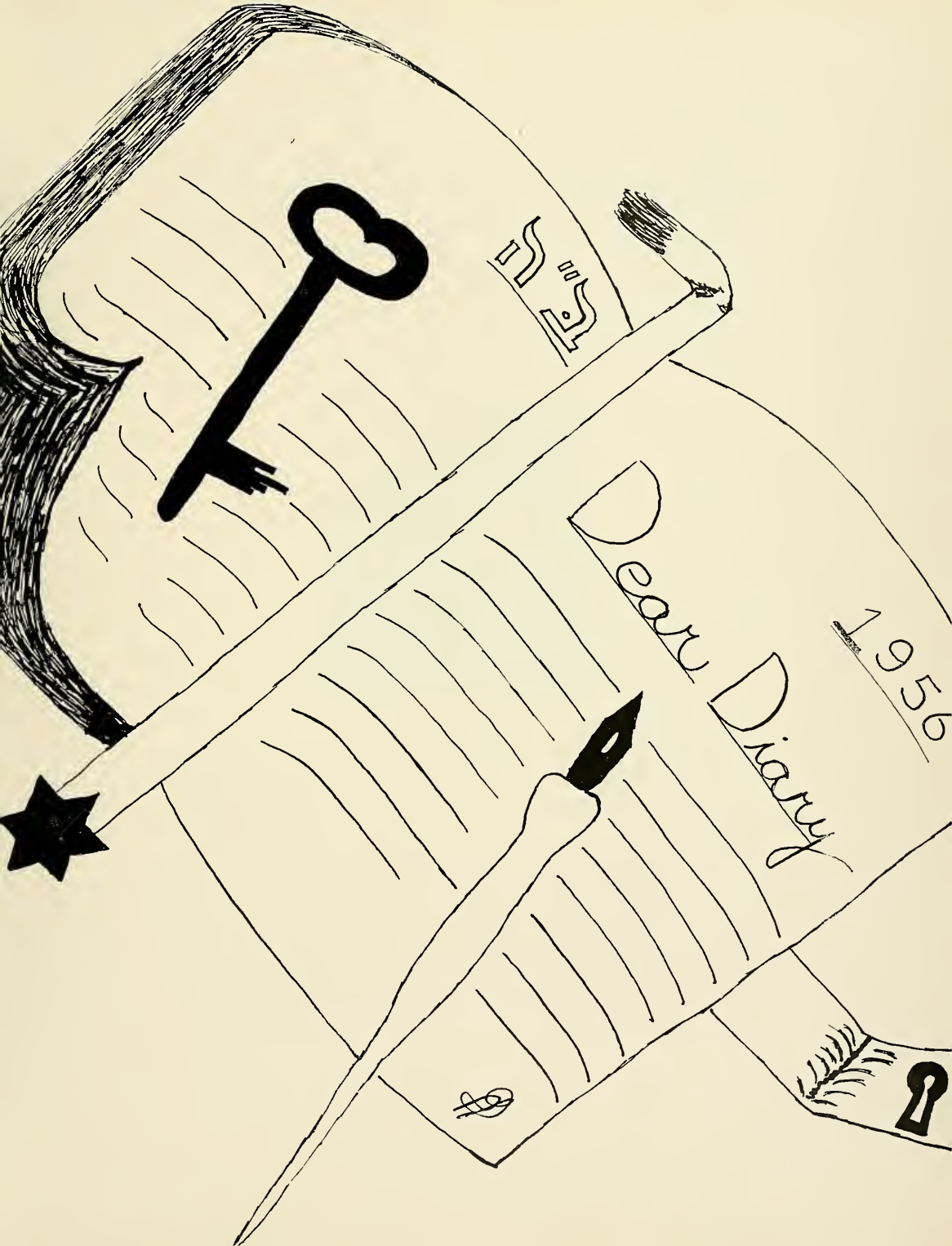
Our freshman year has come to an end, leaving us one year older and the beneficiaries of enriching experiences. Friendships which will last a lifetime have been cemented. New doors leading to higher intellectual planes have been opened to us.


As one of the major efforts of the year, this magazine represents the sincere hard-working efforts of the editors and the staff. The Hebrew section is a new addition which should establish a firm tradition for future publications. We sincerely hope that our supporters will be pleased with this endeavor. Through the wide circulation of "In Retrospect" we hope to attain a place among other college publications of this type.

I would like to thank my fellow officers who gave unquestioningly of their time and energy to ensure the success of class functions. They were most cooperative at all times and pleasant to work with.

I sincerely hope that incoming freshmen will derive as many spiritual and mental benefits as we have gleaned during our never-to-be forgotten Freshman year at Stern College.

EFFIE FINK





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Dear Diary:

As we circled the block bustling with traffic in midtown Manhattan looking for Madison Avenue and 37th Street, my heart was in my throat. Passing the department stores and corner groceries that would soon be favorite haunts, I wondered what the coming year would hold in store for me. "Would I make friends, what kind of a girl would my room-mate be, would I benefit from college life?" These and a thousand other questions crowded my mind as the car pulled up at 257 Madison Avenue before the maroon awning bearing the name Hotel Duane! This was to be my home away from home for a year, and as I walked into the lobby with a suitcase in each hand, my heart pounded like a drum when I saw all the strange faces. Going up in the elevator I said to the girl standing next to me: "Are you going to Stern College?" She was — and when I stepped out of the elevator, I had a room-mate. After my new room-mate and I had deposited our luggage in a room, we walked the few blocks to Stern College



—our school. We were two frightened freshmen and it wasn't hard to recognize our fellow classmates. All the sophisticated, composed looking girls were certain to be sophomores. After supper in the beautiful cafeteria, we returned to the dorm to unpack and begin the wonderful process of making new friends. That was yesterday — and today was registration day at Stern College for Women. In the morning the lobby was full of nervous freshmen. We all walked to school in a contingent — each bolstering the other. After eating breakfast, those who had not yet been placed in a Hebrew group were instructed to report to the office for an interview. We all sat on the long benches in front of the office, after scrambling for a seat near the end of the line. The first girl to brave the unknown terror came out alive and healthy, although this didn't relieve the tension of the others too much. Finally it was over — and then it came. Cards — pink cards, yellow cards, blue cards, green cards, — cards, cards, and more cards — and they all had to be filled in. By the end of the afternoon we all had writer's cramp and empty pens. By this time we were completely willing to sink into the seats in the auditorium. We enviously admired the poised look of the Student Council officers who welcomed us to Stern College and introduced two of the faculty members, Mrs. Elizabeth Isaacs, and Mr. Dan Vogel.

Returning to the dormitory after supper was already like returning home.

OCTOBER, 1955

Dear Diary,

The time has now come to make a crucial decision with regard to my "college life" and particularly pertaining to my citizenship as a member of the freshman class. The notice for elections has been posted on the bulletin board; the offices open were President and Vice-President, (who were to serve also as delegates to Student Council) and the Secretary-Treasurer. Many girls spurred on by entrance to a new school and a desire to serve it, enthusiastically signed their names as candidates.

As election day approached, the cafeteria, during lunch hour, filled with gay chatter and heated discussions as to the preferred candidate. The campaign was in progress.

Finally the big day came! Ballots had been printed. All discussion was over. From the mixture of accents and new faces it was time for personalities to emerge. The girls are all excellent and the decision is not easy.

As the votes were cast, the candidates were to be seen tensely pacing the floor and chewing their nails as they awaited the final outcome. They did not have long to wait! By mid-afternoon the results were known.

Debby Kolitch of N. Y. C. became President.

Effie Fink of Scranton, Pa. — Vice-President.

"Ginger" Prager of New Britain, Conn. — Secretary-Treasurer.

NOVEMBER, 1955

Dear Diary,

Freshman orientation today was very interesting and informative. Dr. Meyer Schnall, a noted gynecologist from Forest Hills, Long Island, addressed the class, speaking from an Orthodox point of view. He explained to us many vital aspects of Jewish married life

Dear Diary,

Rabbi Morris Max, the eminent Jewish authority, was the guest speaker at today's meeting of Freshman orientation. He spoke on the topic of "The Jewish Concept of Marriage". Our questions were competently answered by Rabbi Max during the lively question and answer period that followed

NOVEMBER, 1955

Dear Diary,

The first issue of our newspaper, *Kochaviab*, came out today, and the freshmen are well represented on the staff. Rhoda Glyn, Marga Weinberg, Dottie Gewirtz, Elayne Morris, and Hannah Kalter are news reporters. The freshmen on the feature staff are Esther Holstein, Iolet Shapiro, and Geri Strulowitz. The typing staff consists of Ginger Prager and Roberta Daina.

DECEMBER, 1955

Dear Diary,

It was very peculiar to see boys walking around the school tonight. The occasion was our Chanukah Chagiga, the first affair of its kind ever held at Stern. After a short period of socializing, the program began with the singing of the National Anthem. The walls of the auditorium, unaccustomed to the reverberations of deep masculine voices, echoed the sounds. Martelle Berenson led the gathering in the singing of Chanukah and Israeli songs. The rest of the program consisted of a professional magician, and Aaron Dobin. Aaron, a student at Yeshiva University, sang and played on the guitar several Israeli and American folk songs. After the entertainment, everyone adjourned to the cafeteria for refreshments and a social hour. Stern College's first social attempt was a success!

Dear Diary,

Tonight I acted as a hostess for the delegates to the convention of the Women's Branch of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America. The women were given a guided tour of the building and were able to question their guides about the workings of Stern College. They were duly impressed with our newly remodeled building of which we are so proud. Dottie Gewirtz spoke at the convention and her enthusiasm for the school has elicited their approval of our students.

JANUARY, 1956

Dear Diary,

Today starts my last week-end before finals. What excitement! I made up a schedule for finals, when to study, and when to review. Only two things did I forget . . . only 24 hours to a day and allowing time for sleep(?) If I keep this schedule I should make out very well, but . . .

I have three days before Monday — when I have two finals. But the only time that I'm home on Friday, I have to help in the house. Shabbos, after lunch, I finally get down to study. I study my Siddur and Rambam. Shabbos night — why did I have to accept that date — I could study German now! Sunday morning, I take along my German books and notebook to study on the way to teaching. I don't get too much done and it's already nine o'clock. Today of all days, when I'm so nervous and upset about finals and studying — the principal walks in for inspection! As a punishment for the little . . . I make them sit still, without doing anything for ten minutes. At least I have ten minutes to study.

I come home and study, then I eat and study some more. No wonder that during final week I gain weight. Stay up until one o'clock and study for one of Wednesday's tests. I came to school and, well it's after the first test — one down and six to go.

The days are getting quite monotonous, all we see are red-eyed girls walking around memorizing dozens of facts which they will forget the minute after the test. (It often happens that they forget them a minute before the test too.) As each final is finished the notes are carefully put away and saved for the blessed day of the last final when all the notes will be ceremoniously prepared for the big bonfire.

This went on a whole week. I studied while I ate and ate while I studied (which was a strain on my figure), on the train, and then walking to school. Before a certain final, given by a certain teacher (who just recently got enga—oops, almost slipped) the entire class was tired and we all studied together. Then we started to dance a Hora. How we did it, I can't imagine, after a week of exhaustion. But that's how it is . . .



FEBRUARY, 1956

Dear Diary,

The students of Stern College were very privileged to hear an address today given by the distinguished author, lecturer, and religious leader, Rabbi Dr. Leo Jung. The basis of his speech was the important role of Orthodox Jewish women in the American scene. This theme was incorporated with the timeliness of Purim. All the girls are now looking forward to attending Dr. Jung's course in Jewish Ethics, which will be given at Stern beginning next year. The assembly had an added attraction in the person of Martelle Berenson, whose singing of "Ve'Ulai" and "Love is Where You Find It" thrilled us all.

FEBRUARY, 1956

Dear Diary,

It is now mid-year and Debby Kolitch, our very capable President, was forced to resign. Effie Fink succeeded her as President. The office of Vice-President was open and elections were held once again. All the candidates were excellent but the weight of the decision was alleviated somewhat by the fact that a half a year enabled us to become better acquainted with our classmates. Rhoda Glyn of Baltimore, Md. was elected Vice-President of the Freshman Class.

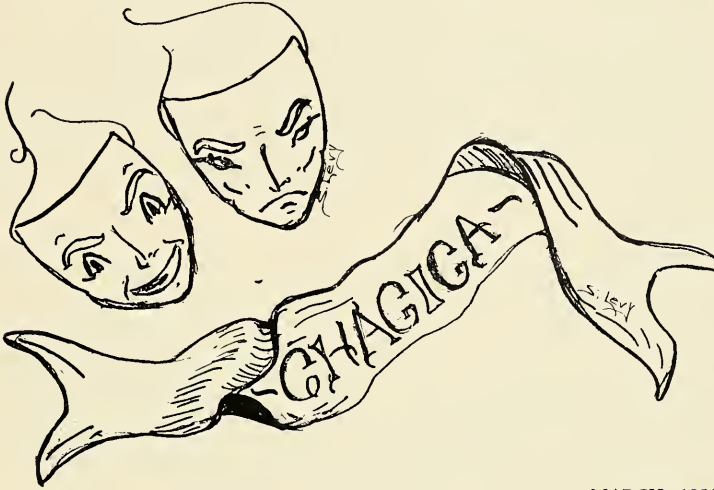
Our leaders through this first difficult year were wonderful. We owe them a great deal of thanks.



FEBRUARY, 1956

Dear Diary,

The Charity Drive is now in full swing. Yeshiva University, including Stern College, is co-operating in an attempt to raise money for Israel. The sum total will be used mainly for defense and educational purposes. The chairman for collection among the freshmen is Dorothy Gewirtz, who proudly announces that Stern is leading all other branches of Yeshiva University in contributions per student.



MARCH, 1956

Dear Diary,

I guess they don't teach boys to read up at Yeshiva. The sign outside the library said, "Checking — 15c", yet every one asked "How much is it to check?" This was our Shushan Purim Chagiga. The freshman chairman of this affair, Elayne Morris, graciously welcomed the guests. The entertainment was provided by Jack Glickman, a magician, and Shimmy Gewirtz, a singer. Following on the program was a series of Israeli dances performed by the Israeli Dance Club, under the leadership of Mrs. Marvin Hershkowitz. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria which was appropriately decorated with Purim masks. A weary group combined efforts to restore the cafeteria to its natural order as the building slowly emptied of its 250 guests. A sense of satisfaction was felt for a job well done.

APRIL, 1956

Dear Diary,

The entire student body gathered in the auditorium to celebrate Israeli Independence Day. Martelle Berenson led the group in singing several Hebrew songs. Mr. Vogel spoke briefly, advocating that we deliberate upon the precariousness of Israel's situation as well as the joyous spirit of the occasion. Dr. Noah Rosenbloom conducted responsive reading of several Psalms and then delivered an inspiring talk, calling upon American Jewry to abandon their lethargic attitude towards the miracle of Israel and to lend full support to its rebuilding. The singing of Hatikvah was a meaningful conclusion to the program.

APRIL, 1956

Dear Diary,

Today I attended the Lag B'Omer outing of Stern College. The weatherman cooperated and gave us a beautiful, sunny day. After much ado, we boarded the buses that were provided by the Student Council, and were on our way to Pelham Bay Park.

The ride was made pleasant by the singing of both Hebrew and English songs. The buses got lost on the way, and we had not the slightest idea of how to get to the park. Finally, at four o'clock, we arrived. The meeting place was to be the baseball diamond. Only one detail was not mentioned — which baseball diamond? Well, we walked and walked, finally asking a park official to help us.

The weather changed suddenly and it became very cold. We sat down to eat our sandwiches. The boys enjoyed a game of baseball, and the few girls who joined that game hit the ball and ran, not knowing to where. But it was fun!

At 6 p.m. a cold, tired, but happy group of fifty decided to mount the waiting buses and call it a day.



MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

Two of my fellow freshmen were elected officers of the dormitory for next year. Ginger Prager was unanimously elected secretary and Dottie Gewirtz, treasurer, a post which she also holds this year.

MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

Plans for a club hour for next term were discussed at the Student Council meeting today. Those clubs which were active this year, such as the Debating Club, supervised by Rabbi Sol Spiro, the Chalil Club led by Barbara Gross, and the Psychology-Sociology Club, all requested a specific time for meetings. If there are any requests for additional groups, and enough girls are interested, the Student Council will form these clubs.

MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

I listened in on a choir rehearsal today. Dr. Ruth Kisch, the director, is preparing the girls for two presentations. They will sing for a program to be given for the incoming freshman class, the present students, and their parents on May 13th. The choir will also perform at the installation of the Student Council officers on May 29.

MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

Today's meeting of the Jewish Ethics Club made me realize again the importance of such a group. Rabbi Howard Levine, one of our instructors, delivered a talk entitled, "What Is Modern Orthodoxy?" in which he discussed several current religious controversies.

This group, until several weeks ago, was conducted by Dr. Jean Jofen, instructor in languages at Stern College. She discussed with us the laws concerning Purity of the Family. We were also taught the laws of koshering a chicken in an explicit manner, as Dr. Jofen demonstrated on a real chicken.

MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

After a few days of campaigning and speech making, the Student Council elections were held. Effie Fink, a freshman, was elected Secretary for the coming school year.

MAY, 1956

Dear Diary,

As I realize now that the end of my first year in college is rapidly approaching, it seems like only yesterday that school was beginning. While remembering how frightened I was, coming into a strange school, knowing no one, I think of all the wonderful friends I have made since last September. I sincerely hope that these friendships will last for the remainder of my college years and long after that.

I feel that I have gained much more than just book knowledge—I have become a more mature and understanding person who will be able to contribute to the strengthening of Orthodox Judaism.

DIARY OF A THESPIANETTE

SEPTEMBER, 1955

Dear Diary,

I just signed up for the Dramatics Club. I've always had a yen to "express myself" on the stage — and here's my opportunity at last.

NOVEMBER, 1955

Hey! What's going on? I didn't know Sarah Bernhardt went into tantrums before every performance she gave. Oh, I see. Rabbi Shulman (he's our coach) says this'll really bring out our voices. But I'm a modest and delicate soul, so I don't really think I'll try it now.

What am I talking about? That's easy. Take any kind of recitation, break it up into syllables, and shout it that way while throwing your arms, trunk, and those other appendages into a different contortion with each syllable. Sounds weird? Aw, c'mon, it's all for the sake of art and the theatre!

Rabbi Shulman is demonstrating . . . he flings his left arm to the ceiling . . . oops! There goes his watch sailing across the room . . . and as it clonks against ye old blackboard, we realize we've been fortunate to witness power as a tangible object . . . well, anyway Q.E.D.

JANUARY, 1956

Sh-h! Do not tell anyone, but I theenk perhaps maybe efsher the Dramatics Society of Stern College for Women — ahem! is preparing to consider offering a sample of its illustrious theatrical ability.

MARCH, 1956

Let's do a musical! Somebody around here's supposed to sing! Don't be silly — give the audience credit for *some* imagination.

Rabbi Shulman and I have gone over to Schirmer's to listen to the score of *Trial by Jury*. Gilbert and Sullivan were never in better voice — oh, pardon my error — anyway this operetta is très suitable for our purpose and we've got just the cast.

MAY, 1956

Rabbi Shulman has certainly given a great deal of his time and effort and infinite patience in his direction of our performance. Martelle Berenson is, as usual, in beautiful voice as the lovely, wronged Angelina. Rachael Apher as the judge is sensationally funny with her inimitable style of song and jig. Other freshmen in the cast are Effie Fink, Ioler Shapiro, Ginger Prager, Chani Intrater, Fran Pakter, Ethel Kagan, Marga Weinberg, and Esther Holstein. As an unbiased outsider, Yours Truly declines to make a statement about her part as the Defendant, seeing as how circumstantial evidence may tend to irreparably incriminate said party of the first part.

Meanwhile, back at the operetta . . . it seems that one of our spies in the audience has just informed us that they were rolling in the aisles. Sound corny? Aw, don't be a killjoy . . . let us live a little.

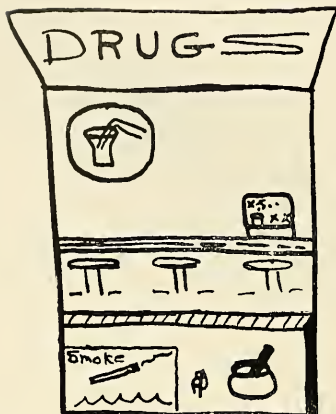
History has just been made at Stern College — the first Dramatics Club presentation — and as our jet-propelled curtain closes the stage from view, I give a weary yawn — what a workout, but what fun!

Sleep tight, little Diary, le shono ha boah ba Metropolitan.

Literary



Rosa Lee Jacobson



Daphne first saw him down by the corner drugstore. His hair was dark brown in color and his eyes had a soft, lovable look. Questioning the soda-jerk, Daphne learned that Fred often visited that very drugstore.

Just at that moment Fred came inside and Daphne noticed the brisk way he carried himself and the friendly greetings he got from the drugstore staff. She wondered whom he lived with and the soda-jerk informed her he didn't know. Somehow afraid to ask any more questions, she left the store, looking back at Fred just once. Instinctively she liked him and knew that she would return to that soda fountain often.

As she had hoped, when she became part of the drugstore scene, Fred finally noticed her. One day he sat next to her while she drank a malted milk and she dared to watch him closely for several seconds. When she turned the stool around so as to get off, she accidentally kicked his leg. When he jumped back in a surprised manner and looked at her in a slight cringe of pain, she cried, "I'm sorry." A special awareness in the look he returned her made her happy that this little accident had occurred.

That day he walked home with her. Well, he actually didn't walk home *with* her — he just sort of trailed her in the background. Daphne felt a glow in her heart and a blush on her cheeks, but she didn't turn around to acknowledge his presence; she knew she must handle this right — especially with one she had begun to feel so deeply about.

About two doors from her house he stopped walking and just seemed to be watching. Daphne watched him out of the corners of her eyes. "I guess he just wants to learn where I live and maybe, oh maybe, he'll come over one day." These were her thoughts at that moment, but she did not tell her mother or father about Fred. He was her own secret and besides she didn't know if her parents would smile on a drugstore-meeting-follow-home friendship.

So Daphne decided to stay away from the drugstore for one day at least, with the hope that Fred would come over to see what had happened when such a steady customer absented herself from her daily haunt. But Fred did not come, not at all. It made Daphne a little sad, but she couldn't act disappointed or her mother would notice and she didn't want to tell about Fred, not just yet anyway.

The next day she and her parents went to visit her uncle who lived in the country, and they spent Saturday and Sunday there. She felt a little sad when the weekend had finished, because that marked the end of summer for her. School would begin and she knew she might never get to see Fred again. Of course she *could* drop into the drugstore on the way back from school, but then perhaps he would leave town now that a new season had started — and besides, he *did* know where she lived. It would be wonderful if he did stay in town and if he accompanied her to and from school every day. She would proudly stroll by and show off her handsome and wonderful friend.

Monday morning she thought about her walk to school. Her two friends Jo Ann and Betty would come along giggling and skipping up to her door and tell her to hurry or they might be late to school. It would be *so* much nicer if Fred could walk with her. Somehow she wanted and needed that kind of companionship now.

Her mother told her to stop daydreaming and to finish her breakfast. The girls arrived right on time . . . they always came on time, it seemed. Somehow the first day of school didn't seem quite so exciting as she had expected. She slipped into her jacket and picked up her books . . . then she saw him approaching the house. Oh joy! She could walk with him after all. Her mother wondered at the strange look on her daughter's face.

"What are you staring at, Daphne?"

"It's Fred . . . Oh Mother, it's Fred. Isn't he handsome! Isn't he wonderful!"

Her two friends stopped short as the fleeting figure dashed up to Daphne and greeted her quite joyfully.

"Mother — Jo Ann — Betty . . . This is Fred!" Fred happily acknowledged the greeting.

"So *this* is why you've been acting so strangely lately!" Daphne's mother exclaimed.

"Yes, Mother," Daphne answered. "At last I've found the one I want."

The mother smiled and thought profoundly about the girls prancing gaily off to school together, and a third — her Daphne — entrancingly engrossed in her wonderful Fred, who furiously wagged his tail and barked in glee.

THE SABBATH

RHODA L. GLYN, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

The seventh day! The glorious Sabbath Queen
Tiptoeing softly on the threshold of my home
Bearing her gift from the Almighty above
Our Sabbath most holy, a sign of His love.
There's a present of rest and of thankfulness too,
Of joy and remembrance of what's happened to you.
All week under strain with the drudge of each day
The thought of the Sabbath washes troubles away.
Each Sabbath day the glory of G-d
Sheds its light upon my house
As the candles flicker, their flames so bright,
Give us reason to bless this precious sight.
Relaxed and composed from the tasks of the week,
Renewed by the quiet and peace that we seek,
The poor, the rich, the young, the old,
Can share its glory, more worthy than gold.
Happy are we who were chosen by G-d.
To enjoy such a holy and precious day.

I had heard many admiring remarks about America as a country of beauty, of largeness, commercial development, etc. But about the high level of education and art I did not hear anything.

When I finally arrived, I was impressed mainly by these aspects. I did not pay much attention to the beautiful places of this big city, because it appeared to be natural after hearing so many enthusiastic descriptions from people who had visited here. It surprised me much more that New York itself is such a big center of education and art. To be honest, I wasn't so happy to come here at first as everybody emphasized to me when they heard that I wanted to attend college here: "If you want to enjoy your life; go to New York, but if you want to study seriously, go to England."

As soon as I arrived here, I realized how much people can be mistaken. Wherever I turned, I saw adults as well as children anxious to study and progress.

First, a very interesting thing caught my eye here, particularly because I never before saw anything similar to it, although I passed through many civilized countries. I never saw people who wanted to learn, read, and visit museums and all sorts of educational assemblies as here in New York. In the subways, in buses, people read even in standing position. After watching the material that those people devour like hungry wolves, I found out that many other beliefs of the people were wrong. The greatest percentage of citizens read good readings, and not those cheap stories that were attributed to them.

As for musical development I learned that the U. S. A. is not filled only with cheap music. Even in Radio City Music Hall one can hear fine musical pieces played by an outstanding orchestra.

Even television helped me to learn much about the common American citizen's educational interest in various fields such as poetry, history, literature, music, paintings, etc.

Quickly I destroyed the whole line of challenges about Americans. Another example would be the statement that people who were born here don't speak any other language except their own mother tongue. To disprove this, I found out after investigating thoroughly, that one who finished high school has to learn a foreign language at least for two years. Therefore, most people, at least the same percent as in other countries, know one or more foreign languages.

When I attended school I was convinced completely that my attitude toward America was wrong. I imagined girls would have no educational interest and, instead, I met intelligent students, well-educated in various fields, who were willing to learn and succeed in their way.

Two things I learned from this. First, never again will I take any one's word in advance. Second, to form an opinion it is not enough to hear and see from a distance, but one ought to investigate thoroughly and then to form an opinion and criticize.

To apologize for my early thoughts I can only say that one can consider herself fortunate to come to the United States, get a balanced education and have fun, especially at Stern College!

The original flavor of the Israeli style has been retained in the writing of both Miss Iczkovits and Miss Fromer (on the following page).

COLLECTORS

The world is full of collectors —
Of clippings and cameras and cars,
Of miniature ships and old paper clips
And historical, surgical scars.

SELMA STILLMAN

These things may interest some others,
But I have intangible files
Of happiness sparks from witty remarks —
I'm a collector of smiles .

On the Rue de Richelieu every day, one can meet a middle-aged gentleman, walking toward the Champs Elysées. In summer he dressed in a wonderful gray suit, from the best tailor, shoes shining like mirrors, and a worn out top-hat. The gentleman's face had a ruddy complexion, grizzled side whiskers, and grayish gentle eyes. He walked bent over, keeping his hands in his pockets. In fine weather, he carried under his armpit a cane; on a cloudy day he bore a silk umbrella. He was always deep in thought, and walked slowly. While walking, he gave the right of way to everybody, with a smiling face. When he noticed a beautiful woman, he put on his eye-glasses in order to admire her. Doing it phlegmatically, he always became disappointed.

This gentleman was Monsieur Tomas. Monsieur Tomas had strolled for the past thirty years along the Rue de Richelieu, and sometimes he thought, How many things have changed here. As a young lawyer, he rushed as the wind; he was merry, talkative, straightforward, and had a crop of hair and a big mustache. While young, he was deeply attracted to art, but most of his time he devoted to women, which had been his biggest passion. He was very fortunate with them, but he could not find time to marry, being constantly busy with Fifi, Loulou, Mimi, and other beauties. Getting his Ph.D. as a lawyer, Monsieur Tomas rid himself of his youthful fever, and his attitude to life became more serious, to the extent that he even considered marrying. He had a fortune, many possessions, and a reputation of an art lover. He even rented an apartment of six rooms, furniture made in the style of Louis XV, decorated the rooms magnificently and he looked for a wife. But it was hard for him to choose the right woman. This one was too young, the other he knew too long, the third was just perfect except that she lacked temperament, the fourth one who waited for Monsieur Tomas married someone else . . . Yet Monsieur Tomas did not mind, as he felt there remained a lot of other women in the world. He began to take more and more care of his apartment, changed the furniture, bought paintings, replaced the mirrors. His apartment became famous. Unintentionally, he created in his flat an art gallery, which was visited by his friends and acquaintances. Being a wonderful host, and known as a lover of art and music, he organized in his home concert-evenings, and the elite of the Parisian society gathered in his salon. Monsieur Tomas was at the peak of his social career and he dreamed only of a wife. Once at one of his famous parties a young "Aphrodite," admiring the salon, exclaimed,

"What wonderful paintings! The wife of Monsieur Tomas will be very happy."

"If happiness for a wife are paintings," answered a friend of the host merrily. The salon vibrated with life. Monsieur Tomas smiled bitterly, and since then, whenever anyone mentioned marriage to him, he carelessly waved his hand, saying, "Ahem, no!"

In this period of his life he shaved his mustache, and grew side burns. He talked respectfully of women, and even of their weaknesses he had much toleration. Not expecting much of life, he abandoned his practice and now he concentrated all his thoughts upon and devoted his tender feelings to art, which became the essence of his life. But as any mortal is not free from idiosyncracies, so Monsieur Tomas had his share. He had a strange hate for the barrel-organ and the organ grinders. When Monsieur Tomas occasionally heard a barrel-organ on the street, he quickened his pace, and lost his temper. He, a level-headed, gentle and quiet man, was driven insane upon the sound of the barrel-organ. He did not keep this weak point secret and explained: "Music is the most tender emotion of the spirit and has eternal beauty. In the barrel-organ this subtle art changes into a vulgar technical machine, with ordinary sounds. These sounds madden me. I am living only one life and I shall not waste it for hearing his hideous music."

Somebody malicious, knowing of this reluctance of the lawyer, played a very unpleasant joke, by sending two organ grinders to play under his window. Monsieur

Tomas became enraged and invited the one for a duel. The house in which Monsieur Tomas lived changed ownership frequently. Naturally every new owner increased the tax, and the first one who received the raise in rent was Monsieur Tomas. The lawyer paid the taxes under one clear condition — that a barrel-organ would not be played in his backyard. Disregarding this contract, Monsieur Tomas called every new door-keeper and conversed with him:

"Listen my dear, what is your name?"

"John, sir."

"Listen, my dear John, I shall give you one hundred extra francs every month. Do you know why?"

"In order that you should not allow any barrel-organ to play in the back-yard."

Such conversations took place with every new superintendent.

Four rooms of his six had windows on the street, and two in which the windows opened to the backyard. Every day he sat in his study before his desk and read. Opposite his windows, in the backyard, was a little apartment whose inhabitants changed constantly. Now, there lived two women and a little girl. They earned their livelihood as seamstresses. The younger one was the mother of the girl. The windows of Monsieur Tomas and the new inhabitants had been open all day, so when Monsieur Tomas sat in his chair, he could see excellently what was occurring in his neighbor's house. The rooms were furnished poorly; on the chairs and tables everywhere lay pieces of material prepared for sewing.

In the morning she cleaned the flat, at noon they had a poor lunch, and none of them left the sewing machine until the evening. The girl was sitting usually beside the window. She was a child with dark hair and a beautiful pale face, but always sad. Sometimes the girl dressed and undressed her dolly, but she did it very slowly and with a certain amount of difficulty. Sometimes she sat quietly as if she listened to something. Monsieur Tomas had never seen this child singing, or jumping, or running across the room; he did not even notice the slightest smile on the pale lips of the motionless face. "Strange child", he said to himself, and he started to watch the girl more carefully. Once he noticed that the mother gave her a bundle of flowers. The girl's expression changed a little bit, she smelled the flowers, touched them tenderly and kissed them. Finally, she put them in a glass of water, and said: "Mother, how sad it is here."

Monsieur Tomas was shocked. How could it be sad in this house, when he constantly was in high spirits. Once standing at the window in his study, a strange scene appeared before his eyes. Hastily he put on his eye-glasses and he saw this poor little girl standing in her window, and with her eyes wide open, she looked directly to the sun. On her ever motionless face, feelings expressed themselves, something like joy and sorrow.

"She does not see!" whispered the lawyer, and his eyes began to burn — a reaction that the girl should have felt — and he wondered how a person could bear the heat of the sun, which is like a flame of fire. Indeed, the little girl was blind. At the age of six, she had had the measles, and as a result she lost her sight. In the beginning, she and her mother thought it temporary, but as the days passed and no improvement appeared, the girl got used to the dark night of her life. Systematically, her memory of seen expression began to be cloudy. Day and night meant for her the same; she lost the dimensions of reality, and entered only into her known world of voices and touch. The face and hands acquired an extreme sensitivity. Distant phenomena reacted upon her only through the sense of hearing. She sensed the slightest rustle, she recognized every voice, every step, the dog barking, the cat meowing, the echo of the street; she loved it and lived in it. But, since she lived in the house of Monsieur Tomas her life was much poorer and monotonous, no happy voices of playing children, no loud talking door-keepers, no backyard-traders with old things, and no heavenly sounds of

barrel-organs were heard. She sat quietly in the room; she was not allowed to play in the backyard, and she could not hear birds chirping. Her only pleasure was being touched by the sun. Her wide open eyes expressed a well of sadness. The girl grew thinner and thinner, and her face expressed deep yearning and longing.

It happened that Monsieur Tomas took the defense of a very famous murder case, as a hobby naturally, and a new era began in his life. Every morning he submerged himself in the depth of the case, and an absolute quietness ruled his house. One afternoon, while Monsieur Tomas meditated, an extremely strange accident happened. In the backyard, under his windows, a barrel-organ was playing. The impression was mighty. Monsieur Tomas was dumbfounded, he did not know what to think or to do. His face became white as snow, his body began to tremble. For a moment he thought it was an hallucination. But the vulgar, vivacious, like circus rope dancers' sounds of the barrel-organ revived him. This very moment his tender and tolerant heart gave birth to primitive instincts. He wanted to shout, beat, kill, to destroy this barrel-grinder. Like a tiger, he jumped to the window, he opened his mouth to shout, then suddenly he heard from across a child's voice. The little blind girl danced, singing happily. Her always pale face became reddish colored, her lips became full and smiling, from her poor eyes a rain of tears streamed. In this quiet house, she did not experience such a storm of feeling. What wonderful phenomena were the false tones of the barrel-organ. How magnificent the roar of the trumpet, the same which nearly brought Monsieur Tomas to an apoplexy. Especially, since the organ-grinder saw the girl's happiness, he began to stamp with his heels and whistle joyfully. In this moment, the faithful servant of the lawyer broke into the latter's study dragging the new door-keeper.

"I just told him," the servant explained, "to throw out the organ-grinder, sir. I told him we have a contract."

The organ-grinder was playing already the third tune, loudly and falsely. The blind girl was drunk with happiness. Monsieur Tomas, removing his eyes from the girl, turned phlegmatically to the new doorkeeper:

"Listen, my dear sir, what is your name?"

"André, sir."

"Listen, my André. I shall pay you one hundred francs, every month, do you know why?"

"No, sir."

"You should never let any barrel-organ in the back yard." hastened to explain the servant.

"No," said Monsieur Tomas, smiling sadly. "On the contrary, you should let the barrel-organ play, twice a day."



THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK
A BOOK REVIEW

IOLET SHAPIRO, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Through the pages of the diary she kept for two years, Anne Frank emerges as a warm, vibrant, and living adolescent girl. The diary, a gift from her parents, was begun soon after Anne's thirteenth birthday. Before the "disappearance" of the Frank family Anne had been a carefree schoolgirl. Despite the war she was thoroughly spoiled by her family and seemingly lacked nothing. She was the pet of her teachers and the object of many a schoolboy's affection. Her friends were almost countless; yet Anne felt the lack of a true friend in whom she could confide and "bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart." She intended for her diary to contain not "a series of bald facts," but to be her friend, whom she named Kitty.

The Frank family had emigrated to Holland from Germany when Anne was four years old. Six years later, however, the Germans occupied Holland. Surmising the extent to which the Nazis would carry out their goal of exterminating the Jews, the Franks had made extensive preparations to go into hiding. Their plans for disappearing were unexpectedly speeded up, however, when the Gestapo issued a call-up notice for Anne's sixteen-year-old-sister, Margot. Their hiding place was a concealed apartment in the back of Mr. Frank's place of business. For over two years the Franks, the Van Daans, and Mr. Dussel lived in these rooms without once leaving.

At first, living in the "Secret Annex" seemed to Anne like "being on vacation in a very peculiar boardinghouse," but very soon the novelty wore off. Fresh air became a longed-for luxury and fear of detection was a constant menace. Frequent burglaries of the adjoining warehouse, unexpected ringings of the bell, and frighteningly close air raids gave life in the Secret Annex a nightmarish quality which the reader feels as if he himself were experiencing it.

The greatest hardship for Anne was not being able to attend school. Her studies were Anne's main pursuit during the years of seclusion. History especially was a favorite subject and she had a strange fascination for tracing the family trees of European royal families. She longed for the day when she would be free to explore the public libraries again and read her fill of Greek and Roman mythology. Writing also meant much to Anne, whose ambition was one day to become an author or journalist. No matter how lonely, frustrated, or unhappy Anne became, there was never reason for being bored in the Secret Annex. Anne, Margot, and Peter Van Daan even learned shorthand through a correspondence course. The occupants of the Secret Annex were never completely isolated from the outside world despite the fact that for two years they could not leave their apartment. Their Gentile friends, who alone knew of their retreat and who kept the fugitives provided with all necessary supplies, were frequent visitors to the secret dwelling. The radio, their prized possession, kept them in contact with London, New York, Tel Aviv, and Berlin—but the latter station was tuned in only for classical music. The diary contains lively descriptions of the daily sessions around the radio and the arguments subsequent to each news broadcast.

Anne's diary is interspersed with conversations, humorous situations, skillful caricatures and philosophic reflections amazingly perceptive for a young, inexperienced girl who asked herself: "How can you write about philosophy?" Through its pages can be traced Anne's growing-up from the carefree schoolgirl to a mature person who fully realized both her shortcomings and her potentialities. The almost constant bickering and quarreling among the Franks, Van Daans, and Dussel tormented Anne in her sensitivity. To these altercations, coming in the midst of this upheaval in her young life, Anne's reaction was impertinence. Misunderstood by her parents, unable to confide in her sister, rebuffed by the Van Daans and Mr. Dussel, she was constantly scolded and reminded of her faults. To conceal her loneliness and disguise her distress, Anne put up a front, giving an impression of conceit, disrespect, and impudence. As the months passed, she became further estranged from her parents and realized the futility

of hoping for their confidence. She knew that growing up would be her own accomplishment. Her inner conflicts, struggles, and eventual victories made of Anne a mature person whose maturity was not always outwardly manifested by her behavior. However, after more than a year of mutual dislike, Anne and Peter gradually entered into a new relationship, and Anne for the first time experienced love that was returned. Peter was the only person able to penetrate her outer shell and reach the "real" Anne. Nevertheless, Anne was disappointed in his complete dependence on her and was unable to confide completely, even in Peter. "Kitty" was never to be dethroned.

Another diary resulting from the Second World War was *The Wall*, kept by Noach Levinson during the German occupation of the Warsaw ghetto. The striking dissimilarity between the two is that Anne Frank's diary was kept by a real person, while Noach Levinson is a fictional creation. This realism necessarily imparts much more impact to the reading of Anne Frank's diary. When she began her diary, Anne did not expect it to have any other purpose than to "be a great support and comfort . . .," while Noach Levinson attempted to write his observations with historical objectivity. Levinson, like Anne, was part of a group, and like Anne, was not sparing in his depiction of his "family." Heroes, heroines, cowards—all were present within *The Wall*. Mr. Dussell and Mrs. Van Daan especially were mercilessly caricatured by Anne, who saw both the foibles and virtues of the inhabitants of the Secret Annex. Whereas Noach Levinson escaped from the ghetto to find freedom, Anne Frank was taken from the Secret Annex to find death.

Amidst the grimness and terror of the circumstances under which she was living, Anne came to realize that comfort and solace could be found in G-d's natural beauties, and discovered that this was all necessary for happiness. Anne did not think of all the misery in the world, but thanked G-d for the beauty and good that still existed. She never lost faith in the ultimate triumph of right and the restoration of peace. Yet Anne Frank, who wanted so much to live, died in a concentration camp, ironically only two months before the liberation of Holland. Anne had had a goal: "to work in the world for mankind," and she wrote in her diary: "If G-d lets me live, . . . I shall not remain insignificant." G-d did not let her live, yet she did not remain insignificant. Anne Frank wanted "to go on living even after . . . death." Through her diary she does live. To the reader Anne Frank speaks still — of courage in the face of death, of humor in the face of terror, of faith in the face of disparagement.

FORSAKEN HOUSE

SELMA STILLMAN

There stands a house empty, lifeless, void of joy;
 Its owner once lived in it and played as a little boy.
 Its garden blushed with roses and a great pear tree stood
 Where now there is but withered grass and rotting, wormy wood.
 Here's the spot where a babe once walked, slipped, then fell —
 Stood again, walked, ran, climbed trees, grew well.
 Went away, left the house that sheltered his young years,
 That stares through black, blind glassy eyes, dry of tears.
 There is no heart inside these walls to grieve from loneliness.
 Old house, rusty, dirry, think not of your ugliness!
 Those who dwelled within your walls were to you as food
 Which sustained them — then they left you just a house of wood.
 A hundred years you've watched these mortals pass before your door.
 Stand until the bombs descend — until there is no more.

LIFE'S DEMAND

SELMA STILLMAN

The child was small, with big brown eyes
That stared in wonder at the sight
Of starry skies and snowy walks,
And autumn winds and planes in flight.
The kind old man enjoyed his youthful
Grandchild's wide-eyed look,
As with the little hand in his
They walked beside the brook.
The questions from that small mouth flowed
Like ripples in the stream.
The sparkling voice of youth and awe
Caused the old eyes to gleam.
"Oh, Grandpa, why does that tree
Stand tall and straight and strong;
While here is one that's weak and bent;
What makes it so — what's wrong?"
"My child, there's nothing wrong with age —
It's natural for all —
For you and me and even for
That tree that's strong and tall.
I am like those branches that
Are withered from the snow,
But I have had a full, rich life,
And though my back bends low,
It's proud and straight inside my heart
(If you can understand)
Because I've given to the world —
And that is Life's demand."
"Why Grandpa, what did you give —
Did you once plant a tree?"
"Yes, so I did — and now its gift
To Life walks here with me."

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אחרי המלחמה נשאר היים גלמוד בעולם הגדול הזה, בלי משפחה וקרובים. מה יעשה עכשיו? הרגיש היים בלבד שהוא אינו מביא תועלת כחיו לשים אדם. לא איכפת ואף אחד אם הוא חי, או מת. מהיכנות כלו יכולות לדבא אדם כי מרגיש הוא שאינו רוצה לחיות עוד, כאלו היו מהשכות היים.

בשקבה מדינת ישראל היה היים בין הראשונים לעזות, "עכשיו", השב היים בלבו, "אוכל למצוא לי עבודה ולהביא תועלת לארצי בשנות חיי האחרונות". אך חוזר לא ענה בקלות, כי ובים הם העולים ואין העבודה מספיקה לכלם. כראשונה לקחו בהורים צעירים אמיצי כח. לבסוף נתקבל היים לעבודת "שדה במושב. כשהגיע למושב הרגיש את עצמו כאילו הוא נמצא בין משפחה גדולה ואינטימית. ביד נתקבה ביניהם, כעבור ימים אחדים, כבר היה חבר ב"הכרה" והתחבב על כלם.

אמנם, העבודה היתה קשה מאד, אך ידע היים שהוא עובד בשביל עמו ארצי. גם "עו"ת"מק עבודתי יכול לשכוח את העבר הנורא של חיי, יותר על נקלה. מדינת ישראל איננה מיועדת לאנשים סתם כמו ביתר הארצות. מדינתנו מקלט הגנה, אלפי אנשים כמו היים, שמחיים את רצונם לחיות. היא גם העתיד והתקווה של החורג, וזאת חזונונות לאדם לחיות, לפעול וליצור.

תמונה פקטור
ברוקלין, ניו יורק



בריות מכלליות

המורה: —החפצותיות: —האם את יכולה לומר משהו על האמנים במאה השבע עשרה?

צפורה: — כלם מתים, אדוני.

המורה: —היש אילו טפשות בחדר,

נא לעמוד!

(שקט בחדר, פתאם בחורה עומדת)

המורה: — למה את חושבת עצמך

למפשה?

בחורה: — אינני חושבת כלל וכלל אלא

אינני אוהבת לראות אותך

עומד לבדך

שם בית הכנסת היה, "שערי השמים", בקיץ הרב החליט לנח מעבודתו שבוע, ותלה פתק על הדלת ועליה כתוב:

"שערי השמים סגורים, הרב יהזור בעוד שבוע."

רחל אפר

המורה: —הבחנה הזאת תתנהג על פי שיטת הכבוד. בבקשה שכל תלמידה תקח כסא בריחוק

שלושה כסאות משכנתה וברוח

שורה ביניכן.

תלמידה: —המורה, אינני יכולה לבקר

במהלך היום.

המורה: —מדוע?

התלמידה: — אינני מרגישה כל כך טוב.

המורה: —איפה אינך מרגישה טוב?

התלמידה: — במחלקה!

תלמידה בבחינת תנ"ך — עד כמה רחוקה

את מהתשובה הנכונה?

תלמידה שנית — שני כסאות!

מורה: — אינך יכולה לישון במחלקתי!

תלמידה: —לוא היית מרבה כל כך

בדברים, כן הייתי יכולה.

הספרות העברית החדשה מראה את הבדלי התושבים של העיר העברית החדשה את קושי חי הקבוצה והמושבה, גם את ההבדלים שלבין העדות השונות, המשתרעים במדינה כעיר ובכפר כאחד, ועל יום הערבים. בקיצור, זה מראה את טבע הארץ. סימני חיים, של עמל ויצירה, חבלי משיה ואתחלתא הגאולה, כל אלה כבר נגעו בלב הסופר העברי החוש, ומתגלים ביצירתו העברית.

לפני 45 שנה, הופיע ספור בקבץ הספרותי ה"עמר" מאת סופר צעיר בלתי ידוע. הספור היה שונה מהספורים בלשון העברית בימים ההם, כי הספור הזה הזכיר את ספורי הצדיקים והחסידים מימים שעברו. שם הספר היה ה"עגונות" ושם הספור היה שמואל יוסף עגנון. במשך שנים אחדות נתפרסם עגנון כאחד הסופרים העבריים הגדולים ביותר.

הסופר נולד בתשעה באב בשנת 1888 בגליציה. אביו היה יהודי תלמיד חכם ובעל מסורת. הילד קרא הרבה בנעוריו וחשק לתת בטוי בכתב לדמיונו העשיר. בעודו רק בן תשע, כתב כבר שירים קלים בעברית. אחר שבע שנים, עזר עגנון בעריכת העיתון העברי "העת" והתחיל פועל בתנועה הציונית.

בשנת 1909 עלה ארצה נגד רצון אביו, ונעשה למזכיר הועד של "חובבי ציון". בשנת 1913 ביקר בגרמניה, אבל כינתיים פרצה מלחמת העולם הראשונה והצטרף להשאר שמה 13 שנה. בשנת 1924 שב

ארצה ועד היום הזה יושב בשכונת תלפיות בירושלים ומעשיר את ספרותנו עושר רב בסיפוריו. כאחד עשר הכרכים מיצירותיו של עגנון, מתאר לנו הסופר את חי ישראל מדורות שעברו ואת חי הארץ בימינו. הוא מספר על חי ישראל הרבגוניים, העניים במצבם ההומרי אבל עשירים בחייתם הרוחניים.

בין יצירותיו הכי הידועות נמנה הספור "הכנסת כלה" המתאר את הרקע הפוא של חי היהודים בגליציה המזרחית בהתחלת המאה האחרונה. "אודה נטו" ללון" היא יצירה למופת המתארת את הקפאון והירידה של היהודים מעיירות אירופה המזרחית, ה"תמודד שזשום" שמוקדש לימי ה"עליה השנייה" בדרך שלפנינו, שבה נטעו חלוצינו את גרעין ההתיישבות של מדינת ישראל החדשה. עגנון מבטל את הגבול בין הדמיון והמציאות. בשמכיליו את הדמיון, זה נראה למציאות. בסיפוריו מופיעות הרבה דמויות מן העבר וההווה. צדיקים וחסידים, מוהרים, ובעלי מלאכה, ציונים ואידאליסטים... ומכל ספוריו מתבטא הציון המיוחד והיפה שם היהדות ההרדית.

הד הדורות עולה מסיפוריו, וגם הד ההים החדשים בארץ ישראל. על ידי יצירתו נתקשרה ספרותנו ליצירת הדורות.

דבורה קולומש
ברוקלין, ניו יורק

יִזְרְיָה

חיים הוא איש בא כימים, אך תשוקתו היחידה היא לעבוד במושב יהודי ולעזור בבנין הארץ.

זוכר הוא את הימים כאשר ישב בישיבה ולמד, וכל מלה שניה בספר היתה "ארץ ישראל", אך זה היה לפני שנים רבות בחיותו עוד כפולין, למה לו לחשוב על העבר? אך דבר אחד אינו יכול לשכוח, ואלה הן שנות המלחמה, השנים שהוא היה כגינוס ובמו עיניו ראה אהת מבנותיו שנשרפה חיים, ויתר ממשפחתו מי יודע איך מתו...

האשה בישראל

בתפלת שחרית, אני ושאר הנשים בעולם מתפללות — „ברוך אתה ד', אלקינו מלך העולם ששני כרצונינו" כנגד לנו, הזכרים מברכים — „ברוך — — — שאלא עשני אשה".

אנו לומדים מזה שאף על פי שיש לה מעלה והשיבות בהוי המיטפחה היהודית בכל זאת איננה השוכה כמו הזכרים בישראל, ששחרו אינה חייבת בכל המצוות, כי האשה פטורה ממצוות עשה שחזון גרמא.

האשה היא העוזרת לאיש, בתור אם, אשה, אחות וכו'. היא משתתפת בפעולותיו וכוליו הפנימיים וניתנת לו האמונה בעצמו להמשיך בעבודתו ביתר ישאת. הבית הוא הארמון של האיש והאשה היא עקרת הבית. חובה לאשה להמשיך במסורת העברית ובחאפסה שתהא שוררת תמיד בבית היהודי הדתי. כל דבר ידבר, ואפילו פחות הקרד, שהיא עושה, מצדיק את המטרה — בית מהודי שיהאיש יתגעגע לשום אלו בכל יום.

התאור הכי חיפה והנעלה על האשה האידאולית ומעשיה, נמצא בפרק האחרון במשלי (גאייס) — „אשת חיל מי ימצא ורחוק מפנינים מברכה; כמה בה לה בעלה ושלל לא יחסר. גמולתה מוכ ואל רע כל ימי חייה". ובמה במשיך החכם עד סוף הפרק, נחלל את גבורת האשה הטובה ואומן רוחה, מעלותיה, ובגולותיה.

בכל זאת, הרבה מצוות ישנן בידי האשה לקיים, והנזקא מצוות מעשיות, קייב המצוה של הכנסת אורחים תלוי הרבה באשה. היא שמחה תמיד לקבל אורחים, להנחיל להם מכל טוב, ומשתדלת לתת לאורחיה את ההרגשה כאילו נמצאים בביתם הם. „גדולה מצות הכנסת אורחים יותר מהקבלת פני השכינה" (חול).

תוך הדור הצעיר אף הוא תלוי בידי האשה והחובסה הזאת מוכי קדם. מקורה לפי הרדק, במהתינוק רק מתחיל לגמגם בכר מלמדים אותו „תורה צוה לנו משה". התפלה הראשונה שהתינוק לומד, היא אולי ככה: — „ד', בשרשת, עוזר לי וסאחיה ילד (ילדה) טוב (טובה)". זה מראה שיועד בכר שיש קול בשמים ממעל שיכול לעשות הכל ועונה לכל מי שמתפלל אליו ככונה אמתית. הרגש הדתי הזה והצעדים הראשונים בחיי הדתיים — המסורות של הילד — מפי אמו הוא מקבל. אמנם האשה תופסת עמדה השוכה בבית היהודי ובחיי בעלה, ולפי האנחה גם בעולם הבא וישבת היא על יד בעלה ומתענגת מכל טוב הצפון לישירים.

אכן, שמחה אני להיות אשה בישראל, ושמחה אני על גדלה ועל חלקי החשוב בחיים!

רחל אפר

שמואל יוסף עגנון — חייו ויצירותיו

נוכח גם הכאב והצער המיוחדים להבלי הגאולה והמרעשים באי-אלו מיצירותיהם. הארץ היום מתחדשת כאשקלזיה של הספרות הארץ-ישראלית החדשה. הספרות החדשה זו, שדשה אמנם נעוץ עדיין בעבר הגלות, כל מערכות החיים החדשים שניצרו על ידי האומה הקמה לתחיה בארצה-המולדתה, מיטי הביולוגים ועד היום, בתקופת של יובל שנים, מצא בכר את כמיום הספרותי כפדוה ומשיחה הארץ-ישראלית.

במשך המישים השנת האחרונות נוצרה בארץ ישראל הספרות העברית החדשה. הסופרים העבריים, שנולדו והונכו בגלות, נקלטו לתוך חיי הארץ, ולכנינה הם מקדישים את מיטב כוחותיהם הנפשיים. יצירת הסופר העברי היא שירת הקצב לעבודת הכנין ונקודת המרכז בה תופש מפעל הדור ההלוצי. העבודה והעמל, הקבוצה והמושכה, העליה והכבוש. ומתוך אותו הקשר הפנימי, שבו הסופרים ותקופת הכנין,

ישב אתם יבן קצה דהבא, כדעייבוי דלון
 דמדרוי לעייזן בשרה, "נפש" יושב אצל
 דייחתי יפתאם ארומי שקלי נדא, נפשי
 ינאח עם השלח, נפשי.
 בן ששים ורסש היה בסותא, לעולם
 יוסר שטי לשוכה כאטי, דוסמו העסדי
 בארץ ובתפוצות,
 "הלל אפי'
 ויאוספרי, מאסס.



ארץ ישראל ועצמאות

I

אלו יחידות, ינאח בשמי,
 דייחי לשיב דארץ מזהרת.
 ציון ישראל עמדי בעירי
 יעלה דהחורה די סדנתא.

II

"ישראל היא ארץ נחרתה,
 ינאח נחוק לעמי הפארתה.
 יבית הו הערית בארצנו
 אן בערית רבם דהא שבהתנו
 "עילמי עי נהאנו בארצנו, —
 ינעורת הו נפיש את שיתאנו.

III

עמנו ארצנו ואלקינו אחד הם.
 ציון ישראל — את שטינו ברוסס.
 משהנו כולנו — הוא קוים ארצנו
 אליה קייט בשדך גלוחנו.
 ינאחנו נשלים את עזרת אבותינו
 קפחן דמולתה כמשהנו בימינו.

דנה אינטיאטעני
 דוקלוג, ניו יורק

אליעזר בן יהודה

עצמה ולשמש דוגמא; לכן, נסע עם אשתו דבורה, ארצה. כשבא לירושלים, בן יהודה נדר נדר שידבר רק עברית. הדבר היה קשה מאד כי הצטרך ללמד את אשתו שפה שלא ידעה. אבל היה עקשן גדול, וכעבור זמן, לאט לאט, התלמדה גם היא לדבר בשפתנו.

לבנם הבכור, „בן ציון“ לא היו די מלים להתבטא בעברית, ולכן לא חשב כהגן והשכנים חשבו שלא יוכל לדבר לעולם. אבל הילד השותק הזה נודע אחר כך לסופר עברי מצוין — הלא הוא איתמר בן אבי. אליעזר ראה שאין די מלים בלשוננו ומאז נמר בלבו שתפקידו למצא או להדש מלים חדשות כדי שתהיה מלה לכל ההווה הלושונית היומיומית כמו בשפות אחרות. ראשית כל הפש בתלמוד ובמדרשים ובמסארי ספרים ישנים, ומצא בהם אלפי מלים נחוצות שלא היו ידועות בזמנו. הוא ראה שאין עתון עברי בארץ ישראל ולכן הוציא את השבועונים „הבצלת“, „השקפה“ ואת העיתונים היומיים „הצבי“, „האור“ שפעלו הרבה להתפתחות השפה. בראשונה רק משפחת בן יהודה דברה בעברית, אחר כך התפשטה השפה גם בסביבה והחג נעשה יותר ויותר רחב עד שרוב היהודים בארץ ישראל השתמשו בה. משם התפשטה ליתר חלקי העולם.

אך עבודתו היותר חשובה של בן יהודה הוא מלוננו הגדול. עמל בהריוצות וההתמדה על כל מלה ומלה. מתוך שיעול כבד ממחלת השחפת, כתב וכתב יום ולילה כלי הרף. לפעמים לא אכל ולא ישן אלא תמיד כתב וכתב. אשתו הראשונה מתה ממחלת השחפת וגם שלשת ילדיו. אשתו השנייה, אחות דבורה, שמרה תמיד על בעלה שיאכל קצת בתוך עמלו. פעם אחת בליל שבת, כ"ה בכסלו, בראשון להנוכה, באו ידידיו לבקר.

בטרם שגולד אליעזר בן יהודה, דברו היהודים בתפוצות הגולה כשפת המדינה שגרו שמה. שפת העברית נחשבה ללשון קודש, שרק התפללו בה ולמדו בה את ספרי הקודש. אבל בשנת 1858 נולד יהודי בעירה ברוסיה שעתידי היה להחיות את לשוננו הישנה ולתת לה נשמה חדשה. שמו מלידה היה אליעזר פרלמאן אבל אחר שהתחיל להתעמק בענין תחית שפתנו, שנה את שמו לשם עבר, ומאז והלאה קראו לו — אליעזר בן יהודה, על שם אביו.

ככל ילדי ישראל, למד אליעזר הקטן תורה ותלמוד בהדרים. כשהיה רק בן עשר שנים, החל לחבר ספר „קצור שלהן ערוך“ והגיע עד הלכות תפלה. למד בישיבת ר' יוסף בלויק בעיר פלוצק, והצטיין בלמודיו. כשהגיע לגיל החמש-עשרה, כבר היה בקי בתלמוד וביתר ספרי ישראל. אז נכנס לגמנסיה בעיר דווינסק לשם השכלה כללית ומשם הלך לפריז ולמד במכללה את חכמת הרפואה. בזמן ההוא מצא פרנסה מתרגומי ספרים מצרפתית לרוסית. אז התחילה שאלת היהודים להטרידו והחליט שעם ישראל מוכרח לשוב לארצו, ארץ ישראל ולהיות עם ככל העמים. אולם אז התחיל דוא: כאיזה שפה ידבר העם במולדתו? צריך שתהיה ליהודים שפה משלהם ובדואי השפה הזאת היא עברית. אבותינו מתמיד דברו בה וצריך להחיות אותה בפנינו ולדבר בה כימי קדם.

עזב את המכללה והתחיל בפעולה עברית. במאמרו הראשון, „השחר“ הביע את רגשותיו על שיבת ציון ותחית לשון קודש על אדמת הקודש. אחרי שמאמרו יצא לאור, סופרים רבים התנגדו לדעותיו וגם היו הרבה שהסכימו לו ואמרו שזה רעיון טוב ויפה מאד. בן-יהודה החליט שכבדי להטיף לבני אדם על דעותיו ולהשפיע עליהם, צריכים לגור בירושלים

גהינום של הונגריה וגן עדן של ישראל

גהינום וגן עדן אלה הם הכינויים המתאימים ביותר לתאר מצב חייתם של יהודי הונגריה לעומת אלו שבארץ ישראל.

אחרי מלחמת העולם השנייה, אחרי הרדיפות והתורבן הגדול של יהודי הונגריה, שמהו כל היהודים לכאוס של הרוסים. כלם ראו בהם גויאלים ממש. הרגישו הקלה, אך המצב הזה לא ארך זמן רב. במהרה הרגישו כי בעצם ה"גויאלים" שבאו לשחרר את הונגריה, לא שחררו את היהודים. אף הרופים החלו לקחת אנשים לעבודת פרך והיו כאלה שנעלמו לגמרי ועקבותיהם לא נודעו. אף מצב בטחון של הנשים חלף עד מהרה. כל אחת ואחת מהן השתדלה להסתתר כפי האפשר. ההיילים הרוסים גזלו את מעט הרכוש של היהודים שהנאצים השאירו להם. הרוסים אכזבו את היהודים. יהודים שמימיהם לא חשבו לעזוב את הונגריה ואף אחרי תקופת התורבן חשבו את הונגריה למולדתם החלו לברוח מתחת השלטון הרודני של הרוסים וההונגרים. בעצם שלטונות הונגריה דומה הוא לילד שבקלות אפשר להשפיע עליו וכעבור זמן קצר מאד מינה את דעתו והשקפתו הפוליטית.

המצב היה בעצם שכל היהודים משם אהבו לשבת על "סיר הבשר" ו"א" רובם של יהודים אלה היו אמיצים כעלי רכוש. ובעוד שרכושם בידם היה חשבו שכמפם יגן עליהם, אך כאשר נגזל מהם הכל אז ראו שאין מקום אחיזה להם שם והשתדל לצאת ולהימלט מאהורי מסך הכרזל.

בני משפחתו היו בין העולים הראשונים לארץ ישראל אחרי מלחמת העולם השנייה. עזבנו את הונגריה ביחד עם קבוצה גדולה של אנשים. כאשר עברנו את גבול ההונגרי רובם של העולים החליטו לנסות את מזלם ולהגר לאחת מארצות אירופה כאמריקא, שווייץ, הם לאסוף מעט כסף לפני בואם לארץ ישראל. מטבע אדם לשכוח מהר. הם היגרו לארץ שהשמידה 6,000,000 יהודים ושנית לא ידעו אנשים אלה מהרגשת החופש, הרגשת בטחון לחיות בארצנו חיי שלום ויציבה.

עלינו ארצה. כשהגענו להיפה בעלות השחר ותמורת האניה השמימה את צלילי "התקווה", נתמלאו עיניהם של העולים דמעות. אחד מן הנוסעים קם וקרא בקול רועד: "ראו חברי נתקיימו דברי הנביא, אחרי ישיבה ממושכת בגלות וכינו לשוב לארץ ישראל". הרגשת אושר עצומה תקפה אל כולנו כראותנו את הר הכרמל מזהוב מקרני השמש הזורחת. היה זה בחודש האביב, יצאנו מקפאון וחושך לאור ותום בית, הרגשה נעימה הרגשנו כולנו. בימים הראשונים לא העזנו לפתוח את פינו ולדבר על שום דבר. ומשאהד העיו לדבר כנגד, "כנסת" עמדנו שם משתוממים. להשתוממותנו הסביר לנו שארץ ישראל היא ארץ חפזית וכל אלה הרשות בידו לבקר את אשר ירצה. התנהגותנו המוזרה באה כתוצאה ממצב החיים בהונגריה. שם כשעל כל מוצא פה ואפילו בקורת קלה כנגד הממשלה היו מאסרים בלי כל משפט. ואף הכריחו את היהודי להצהיר ולהאשים את עצמו. והתוצאה — ההרמת ביתו ורכושו — ומאמר עולם. כל אחד פחד מצלו ומוחפשי הממשלה.

לשמור על הוקי היתדות אי אפשר היה בהונגריה כי הכריחו את כל אחד לעבוד בשבת אחרי שגזלו ממנו את רכושו הפרטי. הכל הוחסר לממשלה השתפנית.

לאט לאט התעוררנו לתחייה. ארץ השמש כאלו לטפה אותנו בקרניה החמות. היינו חפזים. חפזים כציפור העפה במרומי שמים.

אמנם מתוקה ונעימה היא ההרגשה במדינת ישראל, הרגשת חופש ובטחון, הרגשת העם במולדת.

לאה איצקוביץ
תל אביב, ישראל

